

Mr Lonely
by
Richard Strange

As we boarded the flight from London to Inverness, Scotland, it seemed perhaps the filming of Harmony Korine's new film "*Mr Lonely*" had already begun. A 6'2" bristly-chinned, barrel-chested "stewardess" welcomed us aboard the aircraft and announced, in a booming baritone voice, "Good Morning, My name is Sarah. Welcome aboard."

As it transpired, Sarah was a wise-cracking testament to that flight company's equal opportunities programme. (S)he kept us amused for the whole 2-hour flight, even through the bumpiest of landings in a blustery Scots squall.

I had been a fan of Harmony Korine's since his 1997 directorial debut, the disturbingly quirky *Gummo*. However, I had no idea that the fidgety, punky livewire I spent two hours chatting with at a London party was Korine. I never thought to ask him what work he did- we were laughing too much, exchanging ever-more outrageous stories, and comparing near-death experiences. Only when I was leaving the party did we exchange phone numbers.

A week later, as I was about to fly to Los Angeles for a 16-week run of the Tom Waits/Robert Wilson/William Burroughs theatrical collaboration *The Black Rider*, Korine called me and announced, "*Hey. I want you to play Abe Lincoln in my new movie. We film in the Highlands of Scotland, June through August. Do the dates work?*" I told him they worked, and had "his people speak to my people".

And so in June I boarded the low-cost flight heading north. Among my fellow passengers, the actress Anita Pallenberg, Keith Richard's ex-wife, and a man who looked worryingly like Larry, the shock-headed klutz from *The Three Stooges*. At Inverness Airport we climbed into a minibus, and drove the increasingly dramatic roads across the Highlands. The rain ceased, the skies cleared, and by the time we reached our base at Duncraig Castle, in Ross-shire, the lush hills were suffused in a golden early-evening glow.

En route we had pieced together the bare bones of the story of *Mr Lonely*. We were all to be playing impersonators, living our dream in an isolated commune for retired impersonators. A place where everyone is famous and no-one gets old. (Sounds like Hollywood!) Hence I was Abe, Anita

was The Queen of England and, on arrival, we were introduced to Michael Jackson (played by Diego Luna), Marilyn Monroe (Samantha Morton) and Charlie Chaplin (Denis Lavant). Milling around trying on costumes I could swear I caught a glimpse of Sammy Davis Jnr., James Dean and Madonna, too.

The Castle, our commune, a solidly-built edifice, was constructed in the 1860's by retired business magnate Sir Alexander Matheson, co-founder of the Jardine Matheson Far East banking firm. While it is, in part, a fine example of the Scottish baronial style, it must be said it is more handsome than beautiful.

Since Sir Alexander's death in 1886, Duncraig has been put to a variety of uses. For some years it was rented to fashionable hosts for summer house parties. With the onset of World War Two, it became a Naval hospital. From 1945 until 1989 the castle was run as a domestic science college for girls. The hideous 1969 school block extension, more Soviet functional than Scottish baronial, still stands as a grim reminder of this era.

Set in 40 acres of woodland and with a mile of shore line, the view from the castle tower is breathtaking. To the north across Loch Carron are the mountains of Applecross. To the west, on the shores of the loch, is the picturesque village of Plockton and beyond, the distant peaks of the Isle of Skye.

It was an idyllic location to make a film in every aspect except one- the midges. In the Highlands these vicious little pests, barely visible individually, swarm in vast clouds throughout the warm summer months, especially near water. In minutes they reduce their poor victim to an approximation of steak tartare. One evening, when they were especially voracious, Harmony thought it would be amusing to dress the entire company in mosquito suits in order to shoot a scene of an outdoor Tai Chi class.

The director's humour and his inspired ability to improvise were a continuous source of amusement. He relished the challenges set by the Highlands' rugged terrain, the Spartan resources, and the capricious weather. In this remote part of Scotland, *nothing* can be taken for granted. One evening, having finished filming early, a dozen of us made our way to The Seafood Restaurant, a small family-owned establishment on Plockton railway Station. Relieved to see a table that would accommodate us all, we asked to be seated. "*Och, Nooo!*," said the proprietor, aghast. "*The kitchen's closed. Have you seen the time? It's*

twenty to ten!” “It’s twenty to ten” became a catch phrase of the rest of the shoot.

Although *Mr Lonely* is a traditionally-scripted movie, Harmony used the script as a sketch rather than the finished painting. Having spent an hour meticulously rehearsing a scene in which we are planning a barbecue for the newly- arrived Michael Jackson, Korine leaned towards me just before shooting to whisper conspiratorially, “*You are NOT going to do any of that. I want you to tell them about your experience of acid and napalm in Vietnam War*” and left the room chuckling.

His directorial style is akin to that of the solicitous hostess of a cocktail party who makes sure all her guests have their glasses charged, then leaves the room, lobbs in a mace grenade, and locks the door. That is when Korine shouts “ACTION!”.

When James Fox arrived to play the Pope, some time after the rest of us, he confessed that he felt he had landed on another planet. For one sequence, Harmony told the 69-year-old actor “*Do a card trick with your ass sticking out, then dance like you’re in a swamp.*” Somehow when he demonstrated to the bemused Fox, it all made perfect, hilarious sense.

Forty years previously, Fox and Anita Pallenberg ended up in bed in the Nic Roeg film *Performance*. Korine was delighted at the idea of reprising the coupling in *Mr Lonely*, with His Holiness and Her Majesty sharing a post-prandial joint. He also found it hilarious to put me as pillion passenger on Michael Jackson’s motorcycle and send us into town. He handed me a megaphone and said, “*Advertise a gala concert we are doing tonight at the commune, like a fairground barker*”. He filmed the bewildered locals reaction to seeing Abe Lincoln and The King Of Pop sharing a motorbike from a following car, giggling maniacally the whole way into town and back.

Setting up confrontations is not new to him. When he made his movie *Fight Harm*, he walked the mean Manhattan streets verbally provoking passers-by, trying to start a fist-fight, while his friend David Blaine filmed the resulting bloodbath. He said at the time “*It’s very brutal -I’ve already broken a collar bone and been arrested. The punches and kicks are all real; it’s one of the most disgusting things you’ll ever see*”

The production was halted shortly after it began, with Korine having to serve a mandatory two-and-a-half-months prison sentence following three arrests. His girlfriend at the time, the actress Chloe Sevigny was, he

admits, totally freaked out by it. “*My family tried to get me institutionalized. They thought I was trying to kill myself. But it was just something I had to put myself through*”. Not exactly Sir David Lean, then.

Harmony is now married to his sweetheart, the actress Rachel Simon, who plays *Little Red Ridinghood*, and they live, perhaps surprisingly, in Nashville. He is cleaner and happier than he has been for many years. The *Dark Night of the Soul*, which tortured him in his twenties, has now passed. He neither drinks nor does narcotics, nor seems to hanker for either. This is a man who was once so physically overloaded that his body shut down, and he went temporarily blind AND deaf.

Despite his former appetite for life in the margins, Harmony has always had his supporters. The French fashion icon Agnès B is one of the producers of *Mr Lonely*, and threw a wonderful party at her home in Antibes after we premiered at Cannes last year. The film features performances from two of European Art House cinema’s leading directors- Leos Carax (*Les Amants de Pont-Neuf*) and Werner Herzog (*Fitzcarraldo*, *Grizzly Man*). The top fashion photographer Jurgen Teller was on hand to take stills on set. All were united in the view that Harmony was a very special talent.

On the occasional days when neither of us were filming, Anita and I would rent a car and drive off into the wilds to explore. The Isle of Skye, across the road bridge from our Bed and Breakfast in Kyle of Lochalsh, was a particularly rewarding destination. Sublime coastal views, towering hills, and the eerily humanoid shapes of some of the rock formations were constantly beguiling and thrilling. One such, a phallic protuberance known locally as The Old Man of Storr, is the priapic remains of a prehistoric volcanic plug.

In the busy little town of Portree we rummaged through the Renaissance Antique Bookshop, above the Gathering Hall, for bargains. We lunched on the local fisherman’s catch on the quayside, the fishing boats and pleasure craft bobbing on the crystal blue water. Heading home, we would take a 5-mile detour merely to find some of the superb home-dyed wools and yarns from a small local mohair producer. Eva Fleg Lambert set up a studio in 1971 weaving rugs, using skills learned whilst living in Turkey. Nowadays, using her own soft-fleeced flock of sheep as a nucleus, she produces raw knitting yarn spun by hand. Anita would snaffle up a clutch of skeins to be magically transformed later into a sweater for a grandchild or friend.

A natural *raconteuse*, she entertained with stories of her wilder days, when Keith did this, or Mick said that, laugh her hoarse laugh, and light another cigarette. A veritable smoking machine, the fog inside the car much denser than any Scotch mist outside.

Nicotine is now her only addiction. We are both insomniacs, and one morning, hearing her shuffling around her room, I went downstairs to make us some coffee. I took it to her in her room, and found her attempting a hellishly complicated yoga *asana*, arms and legs contorted, eyes screwed up in concentration, with a newly-lit cigarette clamped between her teeth.

For anyone who loves gardens an excursion to Attadale, on the south shore of Loch Carron, is a joy. 10 miles along the coast from Duncraig, Attadale also once belonged to the Matheson family. The white turreted house is extremely elegant, and the public gardens are varied and glorious in spring and summer. The Rhododendron Walk, The Japanese Garden and The Sunken Water Garden are all magical in their different ways. Though further north than Moscow, a profusion of tropical and sub-tropical species, as well as the dazzling electric blue poppy *meconopsis*, grow here, thanks to the Gulf Stream.

Drive another twenty miles west, up the twisting, giddy road which leads to Applecross, and one is driving the highest road in Britain- 2053 feet above sea level. Impassable through much of the winter, but an essential excursion for anyone who loves the feeling of being on top of the world, and the master of all they survey. The view west from Bealach na Ba (Gaelic for “*Pass of the Cattle*”) over the loch to the hills and the wide skies, is as breathtaking and inspiring as any view I have seen, any where.

Returning home to our B and B, the evocative skirl of the bagpipes emated from a back room. Our host was practising for a “Battle of the Bands” at a local forthcoming dance. It can’t be said we weren’t forewarned. The establishment was, after all, called The Piper’s Lodge.

On the hallway table there was a message waiting from Harmony. It read, “Early start tomorrow. We are shooting the mudbath scene”. And he meant it. From Bloodbath to Mudbath. A certain twice-Oscar nominated actress was less than amused.

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